

Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

SOMETIME ago when the question of prohibiting base ball playing on Sunday was before the Legislature, we protested against Louisville or any other city being exempted from the provision of the law, when Brer. Logan, of the *Times*, made fun of our old fogey ideas and suggested that the people of Louisville could not find recreation in our favorite amusement of mumble-the-peg in the mint patch on the Sunday afternoons of a hot summer. This is what happened in Brer. Logan's moral city last Sunday according to his own paper: Six thousand spectators—hoodlums, Legislators and ladies—attended Sunday base ball in this city, and becoming displeased with the decisions of the umpire, converted themselves into a howling mob. It became violent, and the police found it necessary to keep the crowd from rushing on the field and mobbing the umpire. Cat-calls and yells and stamping of feet made the grand stand a bedlam until the end of the game. There were three fights in rapid succession, and people began a stampede. This excitement had the effect of rattling the visitors and they became nervous enough to allow the home boys to make four scores. This was enough to disgust even Brer. Logan, who in his usually forcible manner denounces such desecration of the Lord's day and demands that Sunday base ball shall be prohibited. We have always contended that horse racing, theatricals and circuses should be well permitted to break the Sabbath as base ball players, as not one of them is more demoralizing and vicious in its tendencies. Let the base ballers and their followers do their bawling in the six days allotted for labor and amusement and make them remember the Sabbath, even if they do not keep it holy.

The Knights of Labor have gone through the formality of declaring the strike off at St. Louis, when it had declared itself off more than a month ago. The Congressional committee advised it and the chiefs of the order were but too willing to comply, as it gave them a loop hole to get out of a very damaging defeat to them. The men have applied for work, and Mr. Hoxie, general manager, has issued orders to reemploy as many as are needed, giving the preference to those who own homes along the line of the road. As the company had secured about 11,000 new employees in place of the strikers, less than 4,000 of the 15,000 who struck will be able to get their old places. The strike has proved a terrible boomerang to the strikers. It was almost without excuse in the first place and its continuance was a piece of stubbornness inexcusable.

It is gratifying to know that Z. T. Young, who figured so unenviably in the Rowan county trouble, will not be Commonwealth's attorney of the district next term. Returns from all the counties of the Mayesville Judicial district are to the effect A. E. Cole, of Maysville, for Circuit Judge, and James Salter, of the same town for Prosecuting Attorney, have secured a majority of the delegated votes, and will be nominated to the respective offices named at a convention to be held at Carlisle, May 11.

SENATOR BECK has published a card in the Lexington *Press* to correct some misrepresentations that he accuses Judge Charley Kincaid of constantly making in regard to him. He says "perhaps that correspondent thinks (if he can think) that he is pleasing somebody by misrepresenting me. I have not noticed him before, and would not now, but for the fact that other papers that the one he represents are taking his dispatches for true."

AFTER passing a law to make gambling a felony, the Legislature enacted a bill containing a clause which permitted the licensing of pool rooms in Louisville, but Gov. Knott detected the inconsistency and vetoed the bill. It is a cold day when an objectionable enactment passes the eagle eye of the executive and it is well for such a legislature as he has to watch, that he is always on the alert.

We had no idea anyone would be silly enough to construe as a slur the little plausibility we tried to get off on the Louisville *Times* effort at printing the names of the prospective republican candidates for judicial offices in this district. Both Col. Morrow and Capt. Herndon understood it as both know that we have always entertained the most friendly feelings for them.

THE withdrawal of the nomination of Warren Green to the Kanawha Consulship is a partial effort to right the wrong of his appointment. A harem-scarem fellow, with no appreciation of the honor of an obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, is not the sort of a man to represent the United States in any capacity whatever.

BOTH Houses have resolved to pack their tents and steal away from Frankfort, May 17. God hasten the time and may he never permit us to be cursed with another such manager.

MARTIN IRONS denies that he has been expelled from the Knights of Labor, but if it were true it would be all the better for the Knights. Irons is a low-down agitator.

A NUMBER of the socialistic leaders, including Schwab and Spies have been arrested and are in jail at Chicago. They should be made to swing at once from the gallows.

BULLY for the Senate! It defeated the infamous parole bill passed by the House to turn most of the convicts loose upon an unoffending public.

GEN. LONGSTREET, who fought gallantly for the Lost Cause through the war, but who became so thoroughly reconstructed afterwards as to be taken into the republican fold and given a fat office, appeared at the great Southern gathering in a full suit of the Confederate uniform that he wore while fighting the best government the world ever saw. As he is truly loyal this has not alarmed the radical and venal northern press at all, but they continue to abuse and vilify Mr. Davis and will use his utterances for all they are worth from now on till the fall elections. This class of cattle would do well to ponder on what Gen. Longstreet said during the ceremony: "This occasion is a revival of a harmless but beautiful sentiment. The old soldiers wanted to get together again, and this was perhaps the best occasion for a meeting. It means no disrespect to any other section of the country, nor is there an evidence of disloyalty in the display. We all recognize that the war is over, and that all the questions then submitted for decision to the sword are forever settled. Mr. Davis, growing old, the people were anxious to see him once again, and this was the best time to do it. Probably it is his last appearance among us. That is all this demonstration means, and the right to this celebration by both the young and the old will everywhere be acknowledged. It means nothing more than a reunion of old comrades and the revival of never fading memories."

THE police attempted to disperse a riotous assembly at Chicago, composed of strikers, agitators and socialists, which responded by throwing dynamite bombs into their midst, killing four of them outright and wounding many others. They then opened a fusilade with revolvers, but the police returned the fire and put them to flight with the loss of several killed and wounded. The greatest excitement prevailed and the whole city was thrown almost into a panic. Chicago has permitted these cut throats and refuse of creation to hold Sunday meetings and plot murder, rapine, arson and robbery and the riot is but the natural outcome of such scoundrels grown bold by the failure of the authorities to disperse and punish the dirty crew. If the police can not bring them into subjection, the State troops should be brought to bear and failing the Federal forces should be ordered to the scene and mow them down right and left. The socialists spirit must be nipped in the bud or anarchy and continued bloodshed will result all over the country.

WE present in another column a card from Mr. Waddle, late candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, which settles beyond cavil his position in the premises. Such a card was expected as it is customary in close races especially for the defeated candidate to avow his acceptance of the situation and bow cheerfully to the decision of the majority. We have all along said that Mr. Waddle would not do otherwise than accept the result in a proper manner, but thought that some expression from him was due under the circumstances.

THE bill to continue the Geological Survey and limit the appropriation to \$10,000 per annum, passed the House easily, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Bobbitt, Mr. Merridith and others of that ilk, who made speeches in opposition. The Survey has been of incalculable benefit to the State and its continuance ought never even to have been questioned.

THE result of the primary in Ohio county gives Judge L. P. Little the democratic nomination for Circuit Judge by 129 majority over Capt. Owen. Little carried Ohio by 621 votes. The Owensboro papers can now resume their normal conservatism and let up on wool pulling for a season.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The House has passed the Senate bill for the benefit of D. B. Edmiston, committee for George Delaney, of Lincoln county.

—Maj. Rigney has offered a bill to take the sense of the voters of Casey county as to the propriety of moving the county seat from the present location to the town of Yosemite in said county.

—Both Houses have passed a bill which provides that officers of the court, and parties to the action, who are witnesses in the case, shall not be excluded from the court room during the taking of the testimony.

—Representative Williams has withdrawn the bill to add Taylor county to the Eighth Judicial district. In this connection I desire to say that Mr. Alcorn, the democratic nominee for Circuit Judge in the Eighth district, had nothing whatever to do with the introduction of the bill. He is satisfied with his district as at present constituted, and will be elected by a thousand majority over any Republican that can be put against him.—[Frankfort correspondent Louisville Times.]

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mayor W. T. Hanley, of Mt. Sterling, is dead.

—Mr. Ezra Olfert, an aged citizen of Georgetown, died Wednesday.

—There are four negroes on the grand jury now in session in Louisville.

—Henry Wolford, city treasurer of Louisville, is 82 years old and has held office for 59 consecutive years.

—A colored convict at the Kensee mines was killed and a white one shot by the guards as they ran in effort to escape.

—Representative McCreary is talked of as Beck's successor in the Senate; but he says, "I am a candidate for Congress; one thing at a time."

—The lumbermen on strike made a movement Wednesday on the McCormick Reaper Works and a serious collision with the police resulted. The disorder was stimulated by the Socialistic element which has for some time been seeking an opportunity for display. A number of the strikers were wounded.

—Representative J. W. Throckmorton, of the Fifth Texas district, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election to Congress.

—The malitia fired into a mob of strikers at Milwaukee, Wis., killing two and wounding three. That is the surest and only way to put an end to lawlessness.

—Senator Kenna has been selected chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee and Gen. Goff, of the Republican Committee. Both are West Virginians.

—Senator Ingalls' resolution for changing inauguration day from March 4 to April 30 has been favorably reported by the committee on privileges and elections.

—John W. Black, the man who was shot by John Charles, in difficulty in Jackson county last Sunday, has since died. Charles escaped from the guard and is at large.

—It will be a happy day when Kentucky has a Governor who does not know more about the merits of a felony case than the court which tried it.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

—The House passed a bill Tuesday imposing a license tax of from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum upon sleeping-car companies doing business in Kentucky, which is pretty steep as is the fare on such cars.

—It is announced that Hon. Stanley Matthews, of the United States supreme court, is to be married to the widow of Judge T. C. Theaker, who was commissioner of patents under President Lincoln.

—The seventh May Musical Festival will be held at Cincinnati, May 18-22. Be distinguished soloists, there will be 600 trained singers. Season tickets \$10, single seat \$2.50. Low rates by all the railroads, especially the O. & M.

—Ool. Oscar Turner, after defying the Democratic organization of the First district for ten years, and seeing there is no hope for him in the future on that line, has concluded to submit his claims to the democratic primary in the Congressional contest this summer. This is like death-bed repentance.—[Owensboro Messenger.]

To the Democrats of the 8th Judicial District.

I have learned that in certain quarters it is charged that I have not accepted the result of the late primary in good faith. I desire to say that I cheerfully submit to the result as declared and I hope and expect that my friends will accord to my late competitor the same hearty support in the final contest as they would have expected from his friends if I had been successful.

With the profoundest gratitude to those who supported me and the kindest of feelings for all, I am Your Obedient Servant, O. H. WADDLE.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

—Lewis Sowder, who was sent from this county sometime ago to the Lunatic Asylum, has returned and seems to be perfectly sane. Says he was well cared for while there.

—John Lunaford, who sued the L. & N. R. Company for \$300 for injuries sustained by a hand car running over him, has compromised with the Company, which pays his doctor bills and gives him a job of work on a section.

—J. W. Brown has returned from Indianapolis, where he took his little nephew, Wade Mullins, to the National Surgical Institute for treatment. They can cure him in six months; he is badly crippled. Mr. B. brought him back, but will take him again.

—News has reached here that David O. Gibson has been arrested at Dury, Perry county, for dealing unlawfully in pension claims. Mr. Gibson formerly lived in this county and was sent from here to the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary, where he served a term of 5 years for the same offense.

—Rev. Oscar Duvall procured license this morning to marry Miss Lizzie Pryor at Wilmot Chappel next Sunday at 10 A. M. They live in the Copper Creek neighborhood. Mr. Duvall is a young minister of the M. E. Church South and quite an able one too. Miss Prior is an accomplished and amiable young lady and calculated to make a man a model wife.

May prosperity and happiness attend their pathway through life.

—Jim Frazer was appointed town marshal instead of James Croucher. Mr. C. is at Greenwood guarding convicts and would not accept the place. Jim will make a good officer and will bring the boys to time. E. B. Smith was appointed attorney. Only one suit has been brought in the police court. Walter Tunlin swore out a warrant for the arrest of Cynthia Fry for using abusive language to his wife. The case was called to day, but for some cause it was put off till Saturday. Cynthia was required to give a bond in the sum of \$100. This is said to be a good case to break in the officers.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield was at her father's Mr. Jack Adams, Saturday. Miss Susie B. Woodyard visited Mrs. J. W. Brown, Friday. Mr. F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from Lincoln and Garrard, where they have been visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. M. C. Bragg is at her daughter's, Mrs. R. E. Thompson's, in Garrard county. Mr. M. J. Miller, wife and daughter have returned from Garrard, where they went to see their daughter, Mrs. James Adams, who was quite sick. She is much better. I am glad to note Miss Clara Whitehead's recovery. She is walking around again.

—S. F. Wishard, State Visitor for the Kentucky Sunday School Union, was here Tuesday in the interest of the S. S. cause and delivered an address at night to a good audience. His talk was good, his singing beautiful. A Sunday School Convention will be held at this place some time in this month. Will announce the time in a few days. All who are interested in the S. S. work are invited to assist in the convention, especially the superintendents and

teachers of the different schools of the county. I am glad to say that more interest is being manifested in this county in the Sunday-school cause than ever before. This is the main object of S. S. Conventions, to arouse the Christian people to a sense of their duty in stirring up more interest in the work. Misses Mattie Williams, Ida Adams and T. N. Roberts are appointed a committee on arrangements, inviations, etc.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Editor M. D. Hughes is on the sick list this week. The *News* shows a decided improvement accordingly.

—"Old Nick," a venerable grey horse, the property of Eagleman & Farris, died Tuesday morning. He was valued at \$150.

—The rumor that the Howlays Rifles will be ordered to Chicago to quell the disturbance there is unfounded in every respect.

—The County Sunday School Convention will be held at the Christian church in this place on Wednesday, May 19th. All the people are invited to attend.

—What Lancaster needs and wants most is a real live base-ball club. There are lots of good material around town which ought to be utilized to some good advantage and if anything can bring glory to a place it is a base-ball club.

—We may be mistaken but we don't think we are; everything points to it and we have got it dead straight that two of Lancaster's belles will marry in a very few weeks. The young ladies in question don't live far apart and we would gladly give their names were we allowed to do so.

—Miss Lizzie Simpson, of Lebanon, is visiting Misses Mattie and Sallie Denny, near New Haven. Col. John H. Woodcock has gone to Somerset on business. Mr. James W. Miller, of Etowah, Mo., is visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. M. L. Grange has returned from San Antonio, Texas. Miss Anna Vaughan has returned from Christianburg.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—George Lee for assaulting and otherwise abusing John Cowan was fined \$10 in the police court this morning. Both colored.

—Mr. John A. Heron, of the Citizens National Bank, has returned from a visit of several weeks to his mother and sister, who live in Memphis.

—The first spring game of base ball between the Centre College nine and the town nine will take place on the College ground to-morrow.

—Mr. G. W. Welsh, Jr., lost his fine Jersey cow by death Wednesday morning. She was a very fine animal and cost \$600 at McCormick's sale when a two-year-old.

—Meers Samuel and Lapeley McKee and Alex. Irvine, who have been attending Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., arrived here last night to spend their vacation.

—Mr. J. J. Robertson, of Harrodsburg, and Miss Anna D. Ennis, of this county, obtained license to marry on the 4th inst. The parties are to be married this (Thursday) evening at the home of the bride's father, Mr. George Ennis.

—R. M. Fisher and James Gentry to-day shipped two fine yearling colts to Lexington to be disposed of at B. G. Bruce's sale on Saturday. Mr. Fisher's colt is by Harry O'Fallon out of Bettie B. by Imp. Buckden; Mr. Gentry's by Jila Johnson, dam by Tom Bowling.

—Mr. E. K. Moore, of this county, and Miss Dora L. King, of Garrard county obtained marriage license on the 31 and were married at Lexington yesterday. The bride has taught school in this county for some months past. The groom is a son of Mr. J. B. Moore, of this county.

—A walking match took place on Tuesday at Rue's trotting track, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile round. Messrs. Robert and Ben Blakeman, John Nash and Ben. Waldridge were the contestants. Mr. Waldridge took in the first money and Mr. Nash the second. The distance walked was 22 miles.

—"Mambino Starlite," owned by David Bonner, of New York, and in charge of Cecil Bros., of this place, has been very ill for some days past with "pink-eye" complicated, perhaps, with pneumonia. Dr. Taggord, the celebrated veterinary surgeon of Lexington, has been to see him this week. Yesterday he was thought to be a little better.

—Dr. Harvey Mills is the senior partner and general manager of an establishment on the corner of Main and Third street that undoubtedly supplies a long felt want in Danville. Nearly everything calculated to tickle the palates of old and young is kept constantly on hand. Only one article is lacking as yet and that article is to be supplied in the near future, and the name of it is "PIE."

—Mr. Samuel Linebaugh and Miss Mamie Swanson eloped from here on Tuesday morning, taking the 1 o'clock train for Louisville, at Junction City. They were married that evening at Jeffersonville. The bride is a grand-daughter of Col. J. H. Thomas and was visiting the family of that gentleman at the time she and her lover departed for Indiana. The bride's parents live in Russellville as does the family of Mr. Linebaugh and the happy couple are now in that city basking in the sunshine of parental forgiveness.

—Mr. Snow, brakeman on a passenger train on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, was tried before County Judge Lee and jury on Tuesday on a charge of using language toward John Denny, of color, calculated to provoke an assault. It seems that Denny got on the train at Junction City to come to Danville and refused to pay the fifteen cents the company requires of all passengers who fail to procure tickets before entering the car. After the conductor prepared to put him off Denny managed to raise up the additional nickel which he paid and when he reached Danville he instituted the prosecution referred to. The jury thought there was nothing in the case and promptly acquitted Mr. Snow.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in comparison with the multitude of low and short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,

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Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1868

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North, 1:55 P. M.
Express train South, 1:32 A. M.
Express train North, 2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes later.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH's Garden Seeds at McRoberts & Stagg's.

LANDRETH's garden seed in bulk and packages at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BuY THE Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

COL. ROBERT BOYD, of London, is here.

MR. J. C. JACKSON, of London, was here Tuesday.

MR. D. C. ALLEN has gone West to grow up with the country.

MR. S. M. WILHITE is in Monticello on a visit to his mother.

MISS ALICE HAMPTON has been visiting Miss Ollie Parrott in Madison.

CAPT. J. H. BAILEY and wife have taken rooms at Mrs. W. F. McKinney's.

MRS. W. G. WELCH returned Tuesday from a visit of several days at Louisville.

CHARLEY COX is now a bold drummer boy. He represents a Louisville stove and tin house.

MR. R. L. BOSLEY, who is with his brother on the Winchester Sun, is visiting his parents.

JUDGE T. W. VARNON has gone to Frankfort to show the imbecile Legislature how to adjourn.

REV. JOHN E. PATRICK, of Jackson, was here here a few days this week, a guest of Miss Rose Richards.

MR. W. B. McROBERTS is attending the State Pharmaceutical Association in session at Bowling Green.

MISS RACHEL ALLISON, of Georgetown, arrived on a visit to her sister Mrs. Stephen Burch yesterday.

BUSINESS being dull in his line here, Mr. Frank Allison has gone to Frankfort to take a job of several months.

MR. AND MRS. BRECKINRIDGE JONES, of St. Louis, arrived Wednesday and will spend a week at Mr. John M. Reid's.

J. B. OWENS has been notified by Capt. S. M. Boone, Secretary, of his unanimous election as one of the directors of the Pulkaski Fair.

MR. A. ANDERSON, our faithful Danville scribe, was in to see us Tuesday. He is one of the few correspondents who never disappoints.

MR. J. I. MCKINNEY has been appointed depot agent at Bardstown and will remove with his accomplished wife to that place in a few days.

MISS LULA MCKINNEY invited a number of young ladies and gentlemen to meet Miss Maggie Chensuit, of Mt. Sterling, at her home last evening.

MISS BESSIE HARRIS, daughter of Mr. H. T. Harris, has a creditable poem in a recent issue of the Courier Journal, which we will reproduce next week.

MR. MONTROSE GRAHAM writes us from Vernon, Wilbarger county, Texas, that he has taken up some fine school land there at \$2 per acre and located, with fine prospects.

MR. J. B. DUNLAP, who used to be our Danville correspondent, has located at Los Angeles, Cal., for the practice of his profession, law. In a note from him of a recent date, he promised to give our readers the benefit of a pen picture of the country and its attractions at an early day.

COL. A. M. SWORE was to lecture at Paris last week, but the news says he failed to come because of an alarming sore on his left fore arm caused by the bite of a poisonous insect, whilst camping on the ruins of Jericho, in Syria, in the valley of the river Jordan. Friday morning he suffered intense pain in his arm, and his pulse ran as high as 150. He is much alarmed for fear blood poisoning will ensue.

LOCAL MATTERS.

GARDEN seeds at T. R. Walton's.

"CREAM" Flour at Waters & Raney's.

PURE German millet at Metcalf & Foster's.

SEE Wearn & Menefee before selling your wool.

We guarantee the Proctor Knott patent flour. Metcalf & Foster.

HEAVY rains have fallen in this locality during the last two days.

We are selling goods at cost now. Come and see us Metcalf & Foster.

A SMALL store-room on Lancaster street near Main, for rent. W. P. Walton.

ONE CENT—Send your name on a postal card to Sharpe & Middleton, Louisville, Ky., and obtain a copy of the handsome illustrated Dry Goods Catalogue ever given away.

ADDRESS.—Hon. Green Clay Smith will address the citizens of Lincoln at the Court House June court day at 1 o'clock on the subject of temperance and local option.

I WILL have my annual Summer Openings on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 13, 14 and 15. A cordial invitation is given to the ladies to call and examine my stock. Miss Suwade Beazley.

PURE German millet seed at Wearn & Menefee's.

WANTED! WANTED!—50,000 pounds of Wool at highest market price for cass. A. T. Nunnelley.

McROBERTS & STAGG have started their Soda Fountain and is as good as ever made.

We will receive to-day a very nice assortment of fans and parasols. Owlesley & Craig.

TRUNKS.—We have a lot of trunks on hand that we will sell as greatly reduced prices. Owlesley & Craig.

MR. VAUGHT, the man cut sometime ago by Si Singleton in a drunken row at Kings Mountain, died Wednesday from the effects of his wounds.

J. T. HARRIS' man, Schneider, who bargained to take his restaurant, has failed to enter his appearance and the trade is off. Mr. Harris can still be found at the old stand.

My warehouse is complete and is stocked full of buggies and machinery. All I ask from those who wish to buy is a call before doing so. I. Mac Bruce.

IN order that our patrons may not suffer for reading matter by reason of the press of advertisements in this paper, we send out a supplement half as large as the regular issue.

LEG BROKEN.—James Light, a son-in-law of Mr. H. P. Young, was kicked by a horse while driving a tan-bark wagon, this week and had his leg broken just above the ankle.

THE Hanging Fork & Green River Turnpike declared a dividend of \$2.80 per share of \$50. This beats any in the county. Perhaps it is because J. Walker Givens is president.

BORN, near Fowler City, Kansas, on the 30th ult., to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson, late of this county, a ten-pound girl baby, which has been duly named Jessie Florence Hutchinson.

GOOD.—Neither Mr. R. H. Pleasants, of this county, 84 years, nor any one of his five sons, the youngest of whom is 22, has ever used whisky or tobacco in any form. They will probably be centenarians.

THE interesting article on the Danville and Crab Orchard Turnpike in this issue was written by Rev. S. S. McRoberts, who nearly 80 years of age and has been secretary of the company for almost 40 years.

THE McCormick Harvesting Machine Company present many testimonials on our first page to prove that its machinery is all that is claimed for it. Read them and consult with Wearn & Menefee, the local agents, if you need a machine this season.

Mrs. J. W. COOK, of the Willow Grove neighborhood, has in her possession a piece of money that has been in her family since 1696, or for 190 years and the children of the families of several generations have used the identical dollar in cutting teeth.

IT is said that potato bugs make the best fish bait that can be secured. Anglers can make a note of this and in securing their bait help to rid us of a large and growing army that threatens to work disastrous results with the tubers, judging from its early appearance.

BILLS have been introduced in Congress for the relief of W. A. Herrin, of Rockcastle county; for the relief of Sarah Baughan's heirs; for the benefit of W. S. Warren, of Lincoln county; and for the relief of W. G. Dunn, administrator of Cooper Dunn, deceased, late of Garrard county.

It took 45 ballots in the Henderson City Council to elect a street lamp lighter, the mayor finally breaking the tie. Our Council will hardly experience a like difficulty.

The main trouble with it seems to be to get lamps to light. But large bodies move slowly and we should not become discouraged.

NOTICE.—I have purchased of Mr. J. E. Bruce his outfit, including a number of good horses and buggies and will continue to do business at the same stand. I intend running it as first-class livery, feed, breaking and training stable. Will take all kinds of horse feed at the highest market price. I will also continue the business at my old stand. First-class rigs can be obtained at either stable. A. T. Nunnelley.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Our agent says a stock train will be on this branch about the 10th.

—The new bridge from the Richmond pike across to New Hope church is completed.

—“Elic” Ely wants to strike the man who “listed” him (as striker) in last week's Register.

—Corn planting is about over with and so far is coming up nicely. Oats are looking well and grass is fine. Trade is rather dull at present.

—A meeting of the A. R. Presbytery will be held here commencing Friday, 7th, and closing on Sunday, 9th inst. If the attendance reaches 50 or more a special rate of one cent per mile will be given by the K. C. to all persons showing certificates of attendance from Rev. D. O. Mills.

—Miss Lizzie Jennings, of Lancaster, who has been visiting Miss Nannie Slaven the past week, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Yantis, from Lower Garrard, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Humphrey Martin.

N. M. Shumate, of Mt. Vernon, accompanied by his wife, spent Saturday and Sunday at his father's. Miss Sallie Wood, of Crab Orchard, returned Sunday after a pleasant visit to relatives here.

—News comes from all over the State that there will be a considerable reduction in the acreage of tobacco. Farmers are finding that the prices obtained are not commensurate with the trouble attending the raising of the weed.

—It will not be much trouble to pour mature water around a few tomato plants each day, and thus make them mature much more rapidly and the fruit ripen several days sooner.

MARRIAGES.

—Prof. Rucker, of Georgetown, and Mrs. Higgins, were to be married last night, we learn from a lady who arrived from there yesterday.

—Miss Lucy Horine, of Kentucky, is suing Nathan Harrelson at Kansas City for \$25,000 for breach of promise. She is but 22 while the frosts of 86 winters have fallen upon her white head, but he has got the appendiculicks and that is why Miss Horine's affections are so sensitive.

DEATHS.

—Mr. T. Q. Carter, late of Rockcastle, died at his home at Rowland, Tuesday, of inflammatory rheumatism and softening of the brain, aged 60. He was a member of the Christian church, and a most deserving man. A wife and one son survive him. Eld. J. B. Gibson presided the funeral sermon at 10 o'clock Wednesday.

RELIGIOUS.

—Eld. J. Montgomery will preach at the Christian church here Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

—The new Methodist church at Winchester will be dedicated next Sunday. An effort will be made to have all the old pews since 1850 present on the occasion.

—Rev. H. C. Morrison, of Covington, is holding a protracted meeting at the Methodist church, South, at Flemingsburg, and has had 25 additions up to Thursday night.

—[Kentuckian.]

—The meeting at the Presbyterian church closed Thursday night with 13 additions.

—Rev. Dr. Neal is a speaker of rare force and ability and made many friends during his sojourn in our midst.—[Winchester Democrat.]

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—G. C. Givens sold to Pony Beazley a 3-year old gelding for \$185.

—Crit Cubanks sold to Took Hubble two mare mule colts at \$70 and \$75.

—The types made us say that the Louisville races begin on the 4th instead of the 14th.

—J. L. Cegar, of Midway, has purchased several hundred acres of growing wheat in Wolford county at 72c to 75c per bushel.

—A number of contracts for July lambs are being made in Clark at 4 cents, which seems to be the prevailing price all over the State.

—Medium grease wool is quoted in Louisville at 22c; black, 15@17c; Kentucky burly, 12@15; Southern burly, 10@14; tub-washed wool, 28@32c.

—Eoright, the great son of Enquirer, entered in races worth \$60,000, broke completely down while exercising at Louisville, this week, and had to be retired from the turf.

—On the 1st of May, this year, the cotton crop of the South was reported to be in better condition than for the corresponding period of any year since 1866. The sugar crop, likewise, is in splendid condition.

—The State Board of Health has officially declared that pleuro-pneumonia no longer exists in Kentucky. It has also declared a quarantine against the importation into Kentucky of cattle from Europe and the States of New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

—In 1850 there were in round numbers about 17,778,000 head of cattle in the United States. Ten years later this number had been increased to 25,920,000. In 1870 there was a slight falling off, the number counted being only 23,820,000. The loss was more than made good, however, in 1880, when there was found to be in the country not less than 34,925,000 head of cattle. The number is now estimated at about 45,000,000.

—Louisville tobacco quotations furnished by Glover & Durrett, Louisville Warehouses: The market this week has been very regular on burley tobacco, there being no change in value. Offerings have been remarkably small and have embraced comparatively few hds. of good tobacco. Low grades of color tobacco have been sustained at the advance of a week ago. Sales for the week 2,760 hds. Receipts for the week 1,350 hds. Sales since Jan. 1st 50,000 hds. These figures fairly represent our market for new burley: Dark trash 2½ to 3½; color trash 3½ to 4½; common lugs, not color, 4 to 5; color lugs 5 to 7½; common leaf, not color, 5½ to 8; good leaf 8½ to 13; fine leaf 13 to 15; select wrapper tobacco 13 to 18.

—PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Our agent says a stock train will be on this branch about the 10th.

—The new bridge from the Richmond pike across to New Hope church is completed.

—“Elic” Ely wants to strike the man who “listed” him (as striker) in last week's Register.

—Corn planting is about over with and so far is coming up nicely. Oats are looking well and grass is fine. Trade is rather dull at present.

—A meeting of the A. R. Presbytery will be held here commencing Friday, 7th, and closing on Sunday, 9th inst. If the attendance reaches 50 or more a special rate of one cent per mile will be given by the K. C. to all persons showing certificates of attendance from Rev. D. O. Mills.

—Miss Lizzie Jennings, of Lancaster, who has been visiting Miss Nannie Slaven the past week, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Yantis, from Lower Garrard, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Humphrey Martin.

N. M. Shumate, of Mt. Vernon, accompanied by his wife, spent Saturday and Sunday at his father's. Miss Sallie Wood, of Crab Orchard, returned Sunday after a pleasant visit to relatives here.

—It will not be much trouble to pour mature water around a few tomato plants each day, and thus make them mature much more rapidly and the fruit ripen several days sooner.

—News comes from all over the State that there will be a considerable reduction in the acreage of tobacco. Farmers are finding that the prices obtained are not commensurate with the trouble attending the raising of the weed.

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GEO. O. BARNES.

'Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.'

KANDY, CEYLON, March 9, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR.—We are up in "the mountains" again; though, this time, not at any chilling altitude—Kandy being only about 2,000 feet above the sea level. It is rather hot here too, Kandy being in a saucer, with high hills about it, that shut off the breezes blowing on top; while there is no little radiation of heat going on from the hill sides into the pretty valley below. But the caloric is not of that muggy, elevating kind we experienced at Colombo, and the nights are not the close, panting, stuffy, perspiring seasons, that come down upon a poor fellow there, when the sea-breeze dies out, like being smothered in feathers. One must go high up in Ceylon—to Nuera-Elija—6,000 feet—before getting a full mountain climate. But the advantage of Kandy is, that here, one is in a very healthful spot, where all the luxuriance of full tropical vegetation is combined with the comfort of the temperate zone, as nowhere else, perhaps. Certainly, I have met no such charming place in all my travels, in the tropics.

Do not wonder that the old King of Kandy fought for it, and declined to be ejected from this little earthly paradise, by either Portuguese or Dutch. For the 150 years of the occupancy of the former they hankered after Kandy, and, again and again tried to take it—but always failed.

I, this morning, rode by an old battle ground, where their forces were defeated, after penetrating almost to the Capital; the entire army put to the sword, and their severed heads heaped in a spot still shown.

Then the Dutch succeeded to the place of the "power paramount," in Ceylon; traded much, improved much; but never couldoust the sturdy Kandy mountaineers. For 150 years more they ruled the lowlands, until Ephraim came. In less than 20 years after British occupancy, the last of the Kandian Kings was deposed and exiled. Like Theebaw, in Burma, the cup of his iniquities ran over, and the sturdy conquerors—whose God given mission is to right the wrongs of the nations, and to "let the oppressed go free"—stepped in to avenge the heaped up wrongs of his oppressed subjects. In 1815, this lovely and ancient capital became the sanitarian of the imperial race that won it from its former owners, and the dynasty vanished, to reappear no more.

Kandy was the centre of both church and State in its time. An ancient Buddhist temple still stands, fronting our Hotel, where Buddha's tooth is supposed to repose in a casket, rich with gold and precious stones. Thither devotees from all quarters, still flock, and the shrine continues to attract worshipers, with more than a shadow of its old popularity. Last night, chaperoned by one of the influential gentlemen of the city, we went through it. We were specially interested in the extensive library of Buddhist literature and theology, contained in hundreds of portly volumes, looking very like huge folios, with silver back; but, when examined, turn out to be palm leaves—about two feet long and 4 inches wide; strung upon two stout cords, exquisitely written on the long way, and silver bound on the two edges. Set up in handsome library cases, the appearance was not unlike that of other books, only the silver binding had a unique look. The Buddhist priests, in their flowing yellow silk robes, treated us most courteously, and seemed glad to show us through the place—perhaps for our chaperone's sake. In one room we saw an image of Buddha, about a foot high, cut out of a single block of crystal. Back of this famous temple, the palace of the Kandian Kings still stands, though now used as a law court. A spacious lawn, or small park—now used as a promenade and cricket ground—stretches out in front of the temple, where the people used to assemble and worship to the King, as he shewed his august person on a circular balcony just in front of the shrine.

The most exquisitely beautiful thing about Kandy is its lake. The ancient kings built a dam across the valley and confined the waters of the pretty mountain streams that feed it, and then and now, made by so doing, a lovely sheet of water, about a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide. Opposite the king's palace, an artificial island added its charms to the general scenery; and the king's bathing establishment, within easy reach of the royal residence, still stands on the margin of the lake. The present proprietors have done for this, as for all their possessions in the East—viz. laid down splendid roads. The views from various points on the hill sides, where these winding drives penetrate, are exquisitely beautiful. I can not give an adequate idea of the varied charms of the wondrous flora of this island. Here, as nowhere else, the variety is in amazing richness. The "jewel" with its stately growth, and huge fruit growing from the stock and branches, without paying attention to the ordinary dependence from branches; the grand "bread-fruit" with great serrated leaves of deepest green, and fruit, also of considerable though not prodigious size; the ubiquitous "coconut-palm" with its rich clusters—green or gold according to the stage of maturity—but over the queen of the luxuriant fruitage of Ceylon. Then the coco; the coffee; the cinnamon; (from which comes quinine) the lovely yellow bamboo, rare elsewhere, but indigenous here; the mango; and a long list, that time would fail me to describe. The beautiful hill sides are crowded with all these, not to mention bananas in great profusion. Oh! it is almost a distress to try to convey to my readers this scene of loveliness,

when "pen and paper" are so helpless, not to speak of the numskull behind them, edging what "he is pleased to call" his brain, for terms and forms of speech, that may attain the unattainable.

Well; touching the first three in my catalogue—for it only amounts to that, without the exhaustiveness or precision of that useful document—the saying hereaway is, that a native can "support a family"—if he has one—on one "Jack," one "bread-fruit" and two "coconut" trees. His actual need for eating will be abundantly supplied by a resort, that may attain the unattainable.

I see in this equable, equatorial climate, almost the abolition of the seasons—so sharply defined with us. The trees do not drop their leaves en masse and go to bed for a winter's rest and recuperation. The leaves grow old and disappear while the young ones are coming on. The tree is always green, though with varying shades—the tender callow of the infant shoots, prettily contrasting with ranker depths of emerald, in their elders. On the mango tree in front of my window, as I write, I see, 1st, fruit nearly or quite grown; 2d, small mangoes the size of marbles; 3d, abundance of flowers for the main crop, later on; 4th, old deep green leaves; 5th, soft young dito—just beginning life or though full size looking tender and immature. And all this on the same tree at the same time. It quite confuses one who has been used to alternations separated and emphasized by sharp dividing lines. I think of "12 manners of fruit, and yielding its fruit every month," in this connection.

There is one drawback to the grand mountain road and its transcendent views that astonishes me not a little, because it is unlikely British improvements elsewhere. There is little or no protection on the precipice side, and I passed scores of places yesterday afternoon in our drive where frightful accidents might happen. Indeed we almost witnessed a catastrophe, that gives me a shudder, every time I recall it. A single horse carry-all—well laden with Ayahs and about half a dozen little children, was making a turn, when the horse took a notion to back. There was a sheer declivity of 30 feet, just where the vehicle was bound to, if the horse kept on in his obstinate freak. Happily—rather most providentially—Will happened to be on foot, saw the peril, sprang forward, grasped the animal's head firmly and led him forward, just as the hind wheel was poised on the fatal edge, for a downward plunge. I never witnessed a narrower escape. The whole thing happened while one could count ten, and the horse went on without further trouble. The children didn't even know they had been in danger, but were laughing and chatting, even on the dizzy verge of an instant death. What a type of what occurs every day to us all. We shall never know, the full truth of God's protecting care.

"Till we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story.
Then Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then how much we owe."

Our hearts stopped beating, for a while, as we saw the helpless, thoughtless party about to perish, miserably. No calamity has yet occurred by the neglect of simple precautions for safety. Perhaps, when a carriage load goes over, some day, the precipices will be fenced off.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

The Danville and Crab Orchard Turnpike.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

It is now about 50 years since this road was finished and opened for travel. It has survived all its original projectors, all its original individual stockholders, and its first Board of Directors. In furnishing facilities for travel and enhancing the value of the land of the citizens of the county, it has been of incalculable benefit. It has supported itself and kept itself in good repair. It has a history and it is worthy of record. It was the first turnpike constructed in this part of the State, as well as among the first of such roads in the State.

As chartered by the Legislature it extended from Harrodsburg, on the Frankfort and Louisville turnpike in Anderson county, to Crab Orchard in Lincoln county. It passed through the three counties of Anderson, Mercer and Lincoln and a distinct and separate Board of Internal Improvements was authorized for each of the three counties, to control and manage the part of the road lying within their county.

The length of the road in this county is 20 miles and it has always had four toll-gates—one near Danville, one on each side of Stanford and one near Crab Orchard.

The shares of stock were fixed at \$50 each, and the shares of stock now owned in the road represent the money expended in its construction. The State owns 1,042 shares at \$50 each, \$52,100; county owns 100 shares at \$50 each, \$5,000; individuals 975 shares at \$50 each, \$48,750. Total, 2,117 shares cost \$105,851. Thus there are 2,117 shares of stock in the road, and divided between the State, the county and individuals as shown above. The 20 miles of road cost \$105,850, of which the State contributed very nearly one half. The cost per mile was \$5,297.50, which is more than twice as much as any of the subsequent roads constructed in the county have cost.

Although the old dirt road was bad and in many places well nigh impassable in the winter time, even on horseback, yet it was a new enterprise and many people looked aghast at it as they do on all new things, involving the laying out of a large sum of money. Others were entirely indifferent to it and would take no stock in it. Others did not believe it would be a good investment of money and would not touch it. Others, although not believing that the stock would pay good dividends, yet believing that the road would be of great advantage to the county, invested their money in the enterprise, and it required the very persistent efforts of all such to procure the

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. C. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding he had bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottle of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAlister's.

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necessary stock. But after the stock had been obtained and the road laid out, another very grave difficulty met the original board of directors. The road as laid out by the engineer did not follow the course of the old dirt road. It opened a new lane 50 feet wide on all the farms through which it passed from Danville to Crab Orchard. The owners of the land did not desire any such lane, and it required time and effort to secure their consent. In some cases consent could not be obtained and a resort was had to juries to assess the damage. But after all the difficulties had been surmounted, and the road finished, it was demonstrated, from the cost of the road that the stock could never pay a good dividend; others believed that it could not keep itself in repair. In this region it was an untried experiment. The road had nothing to depend upon but the current tolls. It was not absolutely certain that this would be sufficient to pay all expenses and keep the road in good repair.

The first Board of directors was composed chiefly of its original projectors. There were four things before the Board: 1st, to collect all legitimate tolls; 2d, to keep the road in good repair; 3d to reduce the expenses of management and the cost of repairs to the lowest practicable point; 4th, to keep the road out of debt, and to divide the surplus, if any, among the stockholders. The members of the Board received no compensation for their services except the small pittance of the toll of themselves and families. The President of the Board, whose duty it was to collect all tolls from the gate keepers, on the first of each month—to superintend all repairs of the road—give vouchers for all expenses of the road, and settle all his accounts at the end of every six months, received \$125 per year. The Secretary, whose duty it was to keep all the records of the Board, as well as all their settlements with their president and superintendent, received \$40 per year. The four gate-keepers had the use of their toll-houses and lots and three of them received \$100 each, whilst the other, whose business was less, received only \$75 per year.

As the result of this rigid economy the road has always been kept out of debt, and its affairs have been conducted on a cash basis.

The road has been a success.

In that it has paid all running expenses and kept itself in good repair for fifty years.

2. In that it has been a very great public advantage to the citizens of the county.

3. In that it has been a great trunk line from which nearly all the turnpikes in the county have branched.

4. In that it has refunded by little and little to the stockholders, in dividends, the original cost of the stock. The share of stock was \$50 and the dividends on the share of stock have been \$30.35. The dividends have averaged a small fraction over \$1 per share, or about two per cent. The average tolls collected have been about \$4,000 per year, about 4.5 have been expended in keeping the road in good repair, and to the people who have paid this toll, 4.5 have been refunded to them in keeping the road in good repair for their future use.

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The county was only half as liberal to this road as to its other turnpikes. It is the longest and most important turnpike in the county and yet the county only gave to it \$250 per mile, while to the others it has given \$500 per mile. The county has received back its \$5,000 and \$830 in the process of a second refunding—and the same is true of each share of the individual stockholders.

With the same management and the same amount of travel it is not doubted, that at the end of the next fifty years the whole stock in the road will be refunded a second time and may be indefinitely repeated in the future.

The dividends have been so small and insignificant from year to year that even those who have been longest familiar with the operation of the road, did not know the amount of their dividends and were surprised at the result when the actual computation was made. It will, however, be a very grateful surprise to the State, the county and the individual stockholders.

SECY.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Callus, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I, am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottle only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAlister.

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Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. C. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding he had bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottle of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAlister's.

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Stanford, Ky. . . . May 7, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

SUPPLEMENT.

CONVICT COLONIES.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT
IN SIBERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Exiles Who Are Allowed to Roam the
Tundra at Will—Others Who Are Sur-
rounded by a Dead-Line Ditch—No
Sunday—Potency of Bribes.

The great Barabina steppes between the Irtysh and the Obi is traversed by strips of woodlands—“cross-timbers” as they would call them in Texas—where game abounds and where several trading-posts control the collection of a yearly quantum of furs, compulsion hunting and trapping being the only penalty imposed upon a comparatively enviable class of exiles—the “twelve-year” men” transported for manslaughter, burglary and similar secondary offenses. They are permitted to roam the tundra at will, being merely required to report at headquarters twice or thrice a year—often only if black marked for neglect of duty. During the first year, they draw governments, which they are afterward permitted to commute for all sorts of extra supplies if their earnings should exceed the prescribed minimum. Some of these involuntary sportsmen own quite comfortable log houses.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT.

At the expiration of their term they are permitted to sell their homesteads to a free settler, unless they should prefer to become permanent settlers themselves, and exchange a free wilderness for the comforts and constraints of west Russian city life. Their penal servitude is not much harder than that to which poverty and an equally rigorous climate subject thousands of our northwestern pioneers. But there is an exceptional lot, and at Tselin, in the government of Irkoutsk, there are penal factories where convicts are worked for fourteen hours a day, and required to pass the nights in a shanty-town, surrounded by a dead-line ditch which they must not approach on pain of being shot down like wild beasts. They, too, are, however, permitted to improve their lots by over-time work, and are treated with comparative indulgence, being charged with such venial sins as robbery, incest and violation of the excise laws.

Political offenders go to the mines. Some are sent to the Stanovol mountains in the far east, where escape is physically geographically impossible. Others go to Serezow, or to Vertschinsk, where the gloom of their misery is never lighted by a ray of the sun, their time being divided between work in the bowels of the hills or sleep in the bunk-room of their prison barracks. Their food consists of rye bread and a slice of salt beef, washed down with ditch water. Barring accidents in the shafts, they work from 4 a.m. to 6 p.m., without intermission, dinner being omitted in the menu of their daily meals. Supper, the principal meal of the day, has to be prepared and finished within eighty minutes, for an hour and a half after their return from the mines the drum beats for lights-out.

THE HADES OF VERTSCHINSK.

They have no Sunday, and only one yearly holiday—the birthday of the czar. A few men of iron constitution have actually endured the horrors of that hell for twenty-five years. The happy plurality die before the end of the fifth year. Yet so omnipotent is bribery in the dominions of the czar that families of wealth are known to have lightened the burden of their exiled relatives even in the hordes of Vertschinsk. By the collusion of half a dozen officials prisoners can be kept on the sick-list for years together, a mining slave can secure a berth in the commissary department or even a confidential clerkship, after the timely and well-earned resignation of his predecessor.

A private interview with the governor of Tselin is said to have wrought even greater miracles. A sick convict was permitted to get stiff enough to justify his removal in a perforated coffin, which, at the cemetery gate, was deftly exchanged for a less airy, but also less heavy casket. The relatives of the deceased managed the rest of the programme. During the prevalence of a convenient epidemic another governor took it upon himself to detail one of his convicts for duty in the role of a “special assistant physician,” and soon afterward was obliged to report that his brevet doctor had abused his confidence by taking a prescription of his own—a rather liberal dose of fresh air.—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Journals of the United Kingdom.

The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,000. England claims 1,634—409 of these belonging to London alone; Scotland, 193; Ireland, 162; Wales 83, and the various isles, 21. The daily reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the small isles—187 in all, while forty years ago there were only 14 daily papers in the whole kingdom—12 in England, and 2 in Ireland. Within these forty years the newspaper press has almost quadrupled, considering that in 1846 there were but 551 journals published. Now, also, 1,368 magazines are published in the year, and 307 of these are of distinctly religious tendency.—Chicago Herald.

Innuptuous Tea for the Dyspeptic.

A high authority mentions that tea may be rendered innocuous to the dyspeptic by the adding of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the tea that is to be infused. His experiments have shown that ten grains of bicarbonate of soda added to an ounce of dry tea just before infusion “almost entirely removes the retarding influence upon digestion.” This will be good news to the lover of “the cup that cheers” who has been obliged to give up his favorite beverage. The tea will be found somewhat darker than that infused in the ordinary way.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The Manufacture of Stage Jewelry.

An Englishman, writing about the stage in France, says: “Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the theatre Francais there is a property clock for a boudoir, elegantly painted and made of paper-mache, and which cost 500 francs or 600 francs.”—Ex-change.

Something for the Tender-Hearted.

Perhaps few young women will care to wear humbling birds and other birds of delicate plumage after knowing that, in order that the colors might be preserved, the victims had to be skinned alive.—Chicago Journal.

AMBROSE MALET.

More than thirty years ago I was making a fortnight's tour in Belgium. I had lately been ordained to a curacy, and was taking my first holiday. I was a fresh-looking young fellow in those days, holding serious views of life, and though young for my years, had the fullest sense of the dignity, no less than the responsibilities, of the sacred profession I had lately entered.

To do right myself, and to set everybody else right, seemed to me the most important thing in life, and the first part of the proposition, at any rate, is not a bad one for a man to start with on his life's career.

I had set out on my travels alone, and plunging at once into some of the more picturesque Belgian scenery, found myself on the evening of the third day, suppering in the big hotel of a little village lying among the hills and woods. I was suppering alone at the end of a long table of an empty saloon manager when a young man entered, and calling for coffee and cognac, sat down in the circle of light just opposite to me. He was a man of about 30, with a pleasant and remarkably clever face; and, presently falling into conversation with him, I discovered he was the village doctor. He was a native of the place, able to give me information, of which I was in need, concerning the surrounding country; and we were engaged in talking, with my traveling map spread on the table between us, when a waiter entered and addressed a few words to my companion in a low voice.

“Excuse me for a moment,” he said, turning to me courteously, “there is a sick man upstairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes.”

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; but he did not at once resume our conversation. He sat with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing before him in silence. “A sad case,” he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; “a life thrown away. A young fellow wounded mortally in a duel, and brought in here yesterday to die. All the doctors in Europe could not save him. He won't live through the night.”

“In a duel?” I said, surprised. Such things, so far, had lain outside the range of my experience.

“Yes, with some Frenchman. They had come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally. The other fellow has made off. This one, by the bye, is a countryman of yours. Stay, I have his name somewhere.”

He fumbled in his pocket for a notebook, and abstracting a card, handed it to me across the table. I read the name; I let the card drop.

“Good God!” I said. “Ambrose Malet.” “Do you know him?” said the doctor.

“I know the name—it may be another man,” I answered, in profound agitation. “He is young—a big, loose-limbed man, with marked features—a large nose, dull brown hair lying straight across his forehead, and the kindest, the most genial smile imaginable.”

“Your description answers in every particular,” said the doctor, “except, indeed, as regards the smile, which I have not seen. He looks sad enough, poor fellow. He is young, about your own age, I should think.”

He looked at me with a momentary humorous gleam that seemed to say: “In all other respects as unlike you as possible. He has gray eyes and wears no beard; on his little finger is a green signet ring. If you are a friend of his I shall be glad. I asked him to-day if I should send to any one, and he replied that he had no relations and not a friend in the world that would come to him.”

The tears rushed to my eyes; I could not help it. I rose, and, walking to one of the long windows, stood with my back turned to the room, looking out on the moonlit garden.

Three years before, at Oxford, Ambrose Malet had been my best friend. A lonely man, a solitary soul, he had sought me out through one of those contradictions that sometimes provoke and cement the firmest friendships. He was little known personally at Oxford, yet made his mark at once as a man of powers so unusual that everything might be expected of him. The expectation was founded on a misconception of his character; and yet perhaps not. Who shall say? since death came at six and twenty to solve the problem after its own fashion. A prodigious and unfailing memory, an almost incredible facility for acquiring and assimilating knowledge, were combined with one of the strongest and most original minds I have ever come across. He took, without appreciable effort, every honor that Oxford had to offer, and he took them with absolute indifference. Knowledge, and always more of the knowledge that he acquired with such ease, seemed all that he desired. He read for hours, not as the bookworm reads, or the ordinary student, but with a prodigious, devouring curiosity, an insatiable craving, until in one direction or another he reached the final limit and faced the blank beyond. At such times, as I learned to know, he fell into a despondency that lasted sometimes for days: then rousing himself he would start again on some other track, to arrive at the same result. His mind, I say, was one of the strangest I have met with, but it had no impulse that I ever discovered toward original creation, little even toward original research.

He would take up some branch of science and devour every book on it he could find; but that done, he made no independent effort toward fresh discovery—he turned to something else. Some spring that moves to a rapid action, some link common between man and life, was lacking in him; his soul dwelt solitary and apart, thirsting, drinking, insatiable; only demanding incessantly what no man ever yet had—no, nor can have ever until the end of time.

He had few acquaintances at Oxford, and no intimate friend but myself. Sometimes he would come to my room, and silently watching me as I plodded on at my reading. My vocation had early been fixed, and I never wavered in my choice; I had never any idea but that of entering the church. Malet would sit smoking and watching me in silence. Not unfrequently we took long walks together.

Sometimes our walk would begin and end in almost total silence. At other times his flow of conversation was almost unceasing; and I have not yet met the man who can talk as Malet did when the mood was upon him. I would not, if I could, try to reproduce those talks. What withered and scented less weeds are those that would represent the radiant bowers of last year's garden? He was sometimes gay, more often serious. He was no orthodox believer; his unorthodoxy shocked me at first; he saw it, and while never hiding his opinions, was careful to avoid shocking me again. But all his views of the conduct of life were simple, pure, and noble; I have never met purer or nobler; and I can trace their effect on my own mind to this day. But he had planned no future career: the hopes and ambitions of other men seemed to have no meaning for him. Something, I say, was wanting in him, some link, that reconciles common humanity to life, that binds society together, that helps the eternal duty of man to man. A tender heart, an endless craving, a solitary soul; such was Ambrose Malet.

I remember his face raised one winter night to the frozen starlit sky. “One day

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For relief, see Dr. Shiloh's Cure.

we shall know,” he said; “yes we shall know—no we shall know.”

“You believe in the mortality of the soul, Ambrose?” I said. “How do you reconcile that with your other opinions?”

“On no logical grounds,” he answered briefly, and changed the subject.

I have said he had a tender heart; that is to say little. He had a capacity for profound and passionate love. In the course of our rambles we made the acquaintance—an ordinary young man's adventure—of a farmer's daughter, a young girl who, not without intention, as I had afterward reason to believe, strongly attracted us both. I was in love; if not for the first time in my life, as much as I had ever been before. But Lucy Smiles was not a girl I could have made my wife, and I must do myself the justice to say that, recognizing the fact early in our acquaintance, I broke off, with some resolution, even the semblance of a flirtation. With Malet it was different; he fell deeply and passionately in love with the girl. The difference in station and education seemed not to affect him; it was impossible, indeed, that an intellect such as his could ever look for or expect the sympathy that springs from equal minds, and on the one occasion on which he spoke to me on the subject—for a reserve had sprung up between us in the matter—I inferred, though he did not state it in many words, that he hoped to make Lucy his wife immediately on leaving Oxford. Shortly afterward, the girl disappeared from her father's home. Certain circumstances threw suspicion on Malet; nothing was, nothing could be proved against him; but, to tell the story briefly, I thought I had reason to believe the worst, and I believed it. All my incipient love for the girl herself blazed up in a flame of passion and jealousy, and what I held to be righteous indignation at the story of her disappearance and of her parents' despair. Malet said very little; he gave me his word that he had nothing to do with the matter; he said that I did not believe him, and he said no more. I, on my side, broke with him. He had been my best friend; on more than one occasion he had served me in a way that should have won my undying gratitude. But what gratitude survives a sense of wrong? And, indeed, I held myself not ungrateful, but just.

“Excuse me for a moment,” he said, turning to me courteously, “there is a sick man upstairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes.”

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; but he did not at once resume our conversation. He sat with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing before him in silence.

“A sad case,” he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; “a life thrown away.

“In a duel?” I said, surprised. Such things, so far, had lain outside the range of my experience.

“Yes, with some Frenchman. They had

come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally.”

“Excuse me for a moment,” he said, “it is no matter. All is over now, and it is all one. Life, too, will be over in a few hours, and that is well.”

“Strange,” he went on after a pause, “that men should dread death as they do. I have thought so more always; now that I am dying, I think so more than ever. To dread the unknown—when to know the unknowable is the great and unattainable desire of life.”

“Most men think otherwise,” I said; “the love of life is strong.”

“Yes, yes, I know it,” he said, “and it is better so; it should be so. But something has gone wrong between me and life; I have felt a stranger in it always. Death is best.”

He lay quiet again for a long while. His breathing was difficult and oppressed. Now and then the wind stirred the trees on the hill outside; the shadows slowly moved with the advancing night; otherwise all was still.

But presently he began to turn restlessly in the bed; the hands, hot with fever, strayed over the counterpane. When he spoke again his mind was wandering a little.

“I suppose you go back to Oxford at once, old fellow,” he said. “I should like to get back there if it were only for a day. My mother is dead, you know; poor mother. The meadows down by the river: it would be cooler there than here; we might have another walk together. Lucy—”

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The Trouble the Photographer Has with Infantile Humanity—Presto.

Are you photographing many children nowadays? was asked of a well-known photographer.

"Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of beauty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her babe is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not one in fifty—thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for, of course, every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surrounded by a red face. Then the mammas complain that the camera will not idealize and make a cherub out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, prevailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

"Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been so reduced that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto! the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and blur some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright colored toy to engage attention, or else he diverted the infantile mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly disturbing himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Autograph.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is ap-

peasing the autograph craze. Doorkeeper Loeffler generally has a dozen or so auto-

graph albums lying on his table. When the president comes to his office in the morn-

ing Loeffler appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the president,

with a laugh and some remark about the craze, writes his signature nearly always this way:

Grover Cleveland,
Feb. 27, 1886.

When the books have all been signed Loeffler takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are cabled for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by visitors, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours, but Mr. Loeffler has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, as not more than half dozen at a time are taken in to him, and these only about three days in a week.—Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young Bangor sport, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of their regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Soule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names, and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, taxed his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "Corporations have no souls," occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for his life. Mind you, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how many cards the stranger took. Like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blandly, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired enter- tainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life it is, of course, "the swell thing," but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be lined to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the older rich men of the metropolis were drivers on the road and loved to sit behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steeplechase riders and love to gallop across the country on what they call "hunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the laboratory as a check. At the end of one hour, they were all collected and examined. Had the air in the rooms become pure, the glasses would have been as clear as when placed upon the desks. But all were somewhat turbid; one had a thick scum; and one had the lime so completely turned to chalk that a stream of pure carbonic acid produced no more precipitate. What did it all mean? Simply that the air in all those rooms was loaded with death-dealing carbonic acid.—Leftoy F. Griffin in The Current.

THE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Bayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentiment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls some sad points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more depicted by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forewarnings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers.

In 1843, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimac, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Lehman B. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem. Bayard was to find Englishmen there plying him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory:

REMARKS OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quarter-master in the royal navy, and was saved with me, said to the point: 'We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it,' and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatters, that made it a daring achievement. To speak up to an enemy under a false sail and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenceless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "90," afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States:

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Tercero an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of Semmes' exhortations:

"He told us, among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to intercept for the public to read. 'All right,'

Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Atlanta could be done by everybody everywhere all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canal for the swiftest vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land transit are discomforts compared with skinning along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forever despise them. And who knows—now—that some time or other waterways may supersede railroad tracks for fast and comfortable travel?"—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Riches.

You would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calfskin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grimace, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers. Sacchini worked surrounded by his pets.

Paesello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Auber composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop.

Sarti found that his imagination had freer vent from a thunder-storm.

Meyerbeer drew his finest inspirations from an eider down quilt.

Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an eider down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass' ale and the sofa while he is composing.

Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate mediaeval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which base-ball catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1876-7, when Harrold Ernst, one of the fastest of pitchers, was on the nine. Jim Tyng, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Beards in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their collar. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

It cost \$105,049,528 to conduct the public schools of the United States in 1884.

THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Semmes' Exhortation—Sinking the Hatters—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Browne, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Kell, executive officer of the Alabama, and Mr. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and apparently of no little historic value,

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Stanford, Ky. May 7, 1862

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The Trouble the Photographer Has with Infantile Humanity—Presto.

Are you photographing many children nowadays? was asked of a well-known photographe.

Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of beauty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her baby is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not one in fifty thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for, of course, every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surrounded by lace lace. Then the mothers complain that the camera will not idealize and make a cherub out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, pre-vailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been so reduced that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto: the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and blur some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright colored toy to engage attention, or else he diverted the infantile mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly disporting himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same.—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Autograph.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is answering the autograph craze. Doorkeeper Leffler generally has a dozen or so autograph albums lying on his table. When the president comes to his office in the morning Leffler takes in his little load, and if the president appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the president, with a laugh and some remark about the craze, writes his signature nearly always this way:

Grover Cleveland,
Feb. 27, 1884.

When the books have all been signed Leffler takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are cabled for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by senators, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours in the day, but Mr. Leffler has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, as not more than a half dozen at a time are taken in to him, and these only about three days in a week.—Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young Bangor sport, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of their regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Soule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names, and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, taxed his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "Corporations have no souls," occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for his life. Mind you, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how many cards the stranger took. Like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blandly, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired entertainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life it is, of course, "the swell thing," but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be lined to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the older rich men of the metropolis were drivers on the road and loved to sit behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steel-chase riders and love to gallop across the country that they call "hunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the laboratory as a check. At the end of one hour, they were all collected and examined. Had the air in the rooms continued pure, the glasses would have been as clear as when placed upon the desks. But all were somewhat turbid; one had a thick scum; and one had the lime so completely turned to chalk that a stream of pure carbonic acid produced no more precipitate. What did it all mean? Simply that the air in all those rooms was loaded with death-dealing carbonic acid.—LeRoy F. Griffin in The Current.

THE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Bayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentiment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls somewhat points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more depicted by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forewarnings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers.

In 1843, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimac, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead."

In the party also was Lehman B. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragonman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Bayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festered, and finally became sick and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Mr. Ashmead and other friends: "This will be the death of me yet."

Ten years afterward young Bayard left for a cruise in the Columbia, as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a sad farewell of all his friends here, and declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit, in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the Columbia being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were then lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was quite gay. Just near the Hermitage where he had haled ten years before, the party stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning, a mass of lava and rock struck young Bayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living, upward of 90 years of age. His body is buried near the foot of Vesuvius—Philadelphia Times.

What Jay Gould Says of Yachting.

Jay Gould was in the library of his Fifth avenue residence when your correspondent got into his presence. "If you desire to obtain an interview on the railroad strike," he said, with polite decision, save the effort of pertinacity, for I positively won't talk on that subject for publication. Whatever is to be said from the company's side of the case is put out on the ground. You must excuse me." The visitor suggested that his views on railroading generally would be interesting for the public to read. "All right," Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Alatana could be done by everly everywhere, all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canals for the swiftest vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land travel are discomforts compared with skinning along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forevermore despise them. And who knows—seriously, now—that some time or other waterways may supersede railroad tracks for fast and comfortable travel?"—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Riches.

If you would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calfskin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must load it with the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grimace, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cats.

Pasciello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Auber composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop.

Sarti found that his imagination had free rein in a dark room.

Meyerbeer drew his finest inspirations from a thunder-storm.

Adolph Adam got his ideas while buried under an eider down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass ale and the sofa while he is composing.

Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate medieval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which base-ball catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1876-7, when Harold Ernst, one of the fastest of pit-hers, was on the nine. Jim Tyng, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Beards in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their collar. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

It cost \$103,492.52 to conduct the public schools of the United States in 1884.

THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Seminole's Exhortation—Sinking the Hatteras—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Browne, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Kell, executive officer of the Alabama, and Mr. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and apparently of no little historic value, let in a striking light upon the Alabama's cruise.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by a brawny fellow in petticoats and top boots, belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there plying him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory:

REMARK OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quarter-master in the royal navy, and was saved with me, said to the point, 'We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it,' and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatteras, that made it a daring achievement. To speak up to an enemy under a false sail and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will say anything to the national credit in this."

The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenceless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "Hatteras" afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States.

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Terceira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of Semmes' exhortations:

"He told us, among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the south from the Yankee, etc. A boathawain's mate behind me growled, 'Yass, Providence likely to bless this year crew' During the night some one ornamented a bread bag with a terrific skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only laughed at him, and suggested that 'Chuck's, the madman, had been at his tricks.' I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to earing—no haymakers among them—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the 'run' (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a rough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and the transpor-

tation—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TEN TWENTY-TWO MONTHS OF SUCCESS.

The wonder is that Capt. Semmes accomplished so much. Mr. Haywood acknowledges his "judgment and resolution" as shown by twenty-two months of success, and in First Lieut. Kell he had an fine executive officer. Hazing and fighting were not uncommon. Prisoners were always well treated, except that "the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful."

Of the fight with the Hatteras, Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. This combat, the first ever fought between screw-propelled war vessels in the open seas, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,031 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing the heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship. For example, over a year before, Capt. Winslow, at the suggestion of Lieut.-Commander Thornton, had the ship's sheet-chain hung outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "furred" and concealed firing too soon, but far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow removed his fire with a result thus described:

"The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and stagger all over."

Capt. Kell considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was, as Surgeon Browne explains, to the renewal of fire from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Capt. Semmes' orders or a failure to understand them—New York Sun.

A NOVEL USE FOR BALD HEADS.

A novel use for bald heads is thus described: When the Crown Prince Henry William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of hostilities with France, each town vied with its neighbor in presenting some novelty by way of honor to his imperial highness. One capelmeister conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera goers, and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, some men in the pit stood up, making the letters "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.—Exchange.

A BALD-NECKED OLD WAR HORSE.

J. F. Copeland's "Old Bill" is not as famous as Stonewall Jackson's "Old Sorrel," just died, but he is older. He carried Mr. Copeland through the war, received some flesh wounds, and now passes a pleasant old age near Corinth, Ga. He is 42 years old, and quite bald as to neck and tail.—Ex-change.

Some preachers put's me in mine o'er tail dat makes er coat ter suit hisse', an' den tries ter make erunder man wa'it whether it fits him er not.—Arkansaw Traveller.

Lead Poisoning from the Millstones.

Cases of lead poisoning in Paris have been traced to bread and flour, certain holes in the millstones which ground the grain having been filled up with lead.

A PLACE UP AMONG THE A'S.

George Ebers, the biographer of Almada-Tadea, says that Almada is a fancy name adopted by the painter partly because it has a pleasing sound and partly because it enables him to have his pictures entered on the first page of art catalogues.—Philadelphia Press.

SOUNDINGS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A line of soundings just completed across the south Pacific from New Zealand to the straits of Magellan. By Commander Barker, U. S. N., found 3,000 fathoms near Chatham Island, the greatest depth.—Ex-change.

A LITTLE MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

A Little Tale Told by the Poet of the Sierras—Mexico's Poverty.

I have been flirting desperately with a strangely beautiful little rosebud girl of about 7½ years, who stood always on the door of this old convent as I went out, and sold me, for 1 cent, the richest little rosebud and greenest little leaf for my buttonhole I ever laid eyes on. One day, after I had gotten a few dollars in my jacket, I felt I had been a little mean, and so I made the price 5 cents. Well! You should have seen those shining black eyes! You should have seen her pretty teeth; about fifty of them. And the color of delight that came to her tawny little face would have made the fortune of any painter in this world who could have caught it. I promised her then and there that, sick or well, rain or shine, she should surely and certainly always sell at least 5 cents worth of flowers so long as I remained and had a 5-cent piece to buy with. This drawn her eyes entirely. People cry at such trifles.

I told some ladies about this smart and patient child; and she has shoes and stockings now. She has also a neat little calico dress, and has had her glorious shock of hair thinned out and completely combed. Did I forget to say that the only dress that this child had for all the weeks that she sold me the flowers for 1 cent was simply an old gunny bag with a hole cut through the end for the head: the arms quite naked?

And yet this artistic little thing had gathered the coarse garment about her so decently, and had always stood so modestly, lifting her vast swimming eyes, pushing back her black, heavy hair with her left hand as she begged her roses with her right, that I really never had known quite how miserably she was clad. And this is also partly owing to the fact that she is only one of thousands. There is so much poverty here—much wealth, it is true, but most dreadful, hopeless, and dismal poverty. At the same time I am clearly convinced that there is much more happiness to the square acre here than in New York, Washington, or any other American city in the United States.—Joaquin Miller's Mexico Letter.

THE COUNTRY'S CONSUMPTION OF ORANGES.

Reference was made in a former letter to the chances of an over-production of oranges in Florida. Here are some figures stumbled on and given by a grower:

"Florida has never produced over 1,250,000 boxes, at an average of 150 to the box, which makes a grand total of oranges in the last ten years about 7,500,000 boxes, or 18